THE TEACHER'S JOB IN THE WAR . . . By Elmer Davis

The Saturday Review of Literature

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"THEY WERE EXPENDABLE"
By W. L. White
Reviewed by Stephen Vincent Benét

"THE GREAT JOURNEY"
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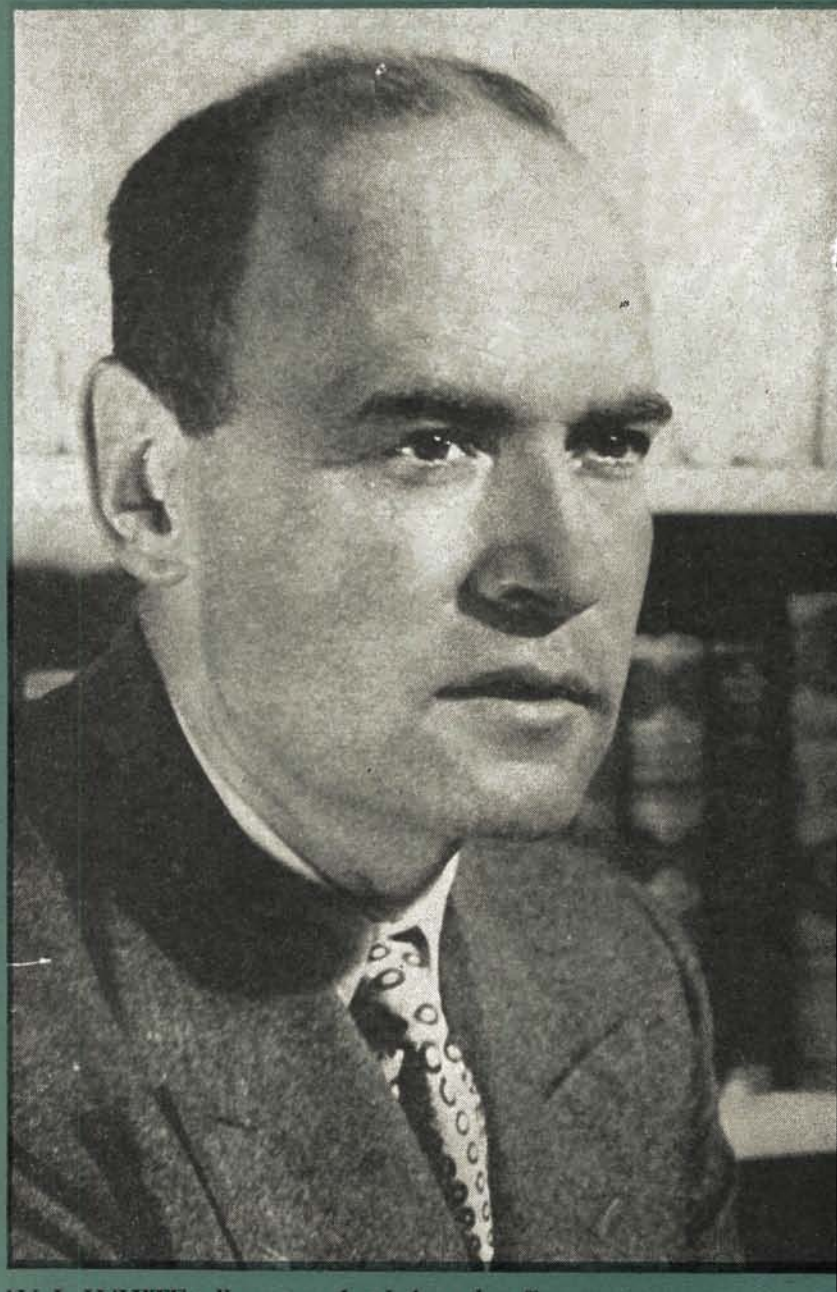

W. L. WHITE tells a story that helps take off our blinders in viewing the war . . . *(See page 5)*

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Teacher's Job in the War

ELMER DAVIS

This paper was read by Mr. Davis recently in Washington at a session of the Institute on Education and the War.

EVERYONE who is engaged in education, whether dealing with children or with adults, has got to teach and go on teaching, not only now but so long as the need endures. Students must be taught, to begin with, that they are living in historic times—more historic than any they have ever read about in the histories; that this is no ordinary war and no ordinary crisis, but probably the greatest turning point in human destiny, to date. Science and technology have given us the tools which could build a better world than anyone could have imagined a few decades ago; or which could blow us right back into savagery.

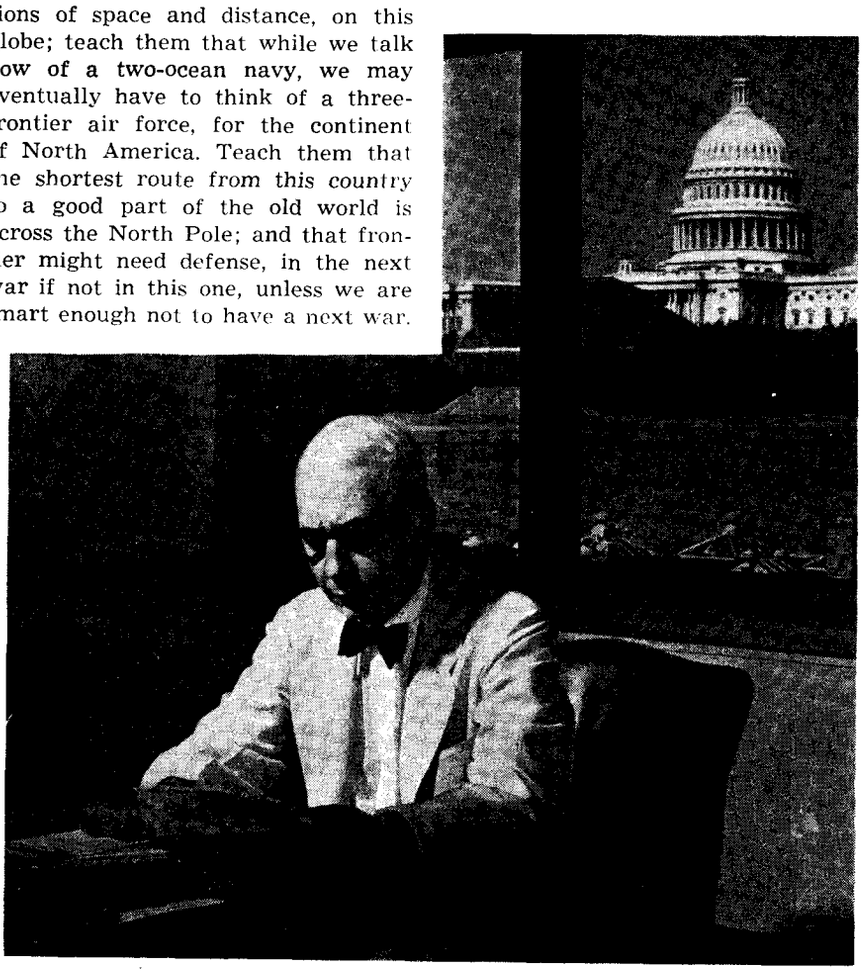
More than ever before, the human race has its destiny in its own hands; barring some unpredictable astronomical catastrophe, the future will be what men make it. Teach your students, then, that our future will be what we are strong enough, and resolute enough, and intelligent enough to make it, against the opposition of able and ruthless men who are determined to make it something else. Teach them that there is no Santa Claus; that we will get no more than we work for, and that unless we work hard enough and intelligently enough we shall be worse off then we could ever have imagined. Above all, teach them that when we have won the war the crisis will not be over—will indeed have come to its most critical stage; that we can't afford to stop working and stop thinking when the shooting stops. Teach them that when they wake up tomorrow morning it won't be yesterday; that there is no going back—to normalcy, to a golden age real or imagined, or to an age which if not golden was at any rate familiar and comprehensible. Whether we like it or not, we have got to go ahead, in one direction or the other—up, or down.

The Chinese word for crisis, I learn from James B. Reston's recent book, "Prelude to Victory," is written with two characters meaning, respectively, danger and opportunity. There is opportunity as well as danger in this war; and there will be danger as well as opportunity in the years of transition when we are trying to bring the world back from a state of war to genuine peace. Just now the danger is the more apparent; yet I sometimes wonder if it is apparent enough, to people who by the accident of geography live far away from any scene of action, and it is the job of education to make it real.

Teach your students that the earth is round. We all know that; but we are so used to looking at flat maps that at best we are likely to think of it as round like a cylinder, not round like a ball. Teach them the real relations of space and distance, on this globe; teach them that while we talk now of a two-ocean navy, we may eventually have to think of a three-frontier air force, for the continent of North America. Teach them that the shortest route from this country to a good part of the old world is across the North Pole; and that frontier might need defense, in the next war if not in this one, unless we are smart enough not to have a next war.

Teach them what a global war really means—that what happens in Libya or in Malaya may make a difference in what happens in Oklahoma or Nebraska. Why has the boy who used to live next door to you gone off to the Solomon Islands, which he had probably never heard of a year ago? Why—he is fighting in the Solomons to keep the war away from home; and any of the people who have experienced the war at home can tell you that keeping it away is worth a considerable effort. Teach your students that; and teach them too that we are trying to win a war in Europe and the far Pacific because we have a better chance to win it there than if we waited for it to come home to us.

Teach them that a total war affects



—*Official OWI Photo by Palmer.*

Elmer Davis, Director of the OWI, in his new office.

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the life of every citizen and that its outcome will be affected in some slight degree by what every citizen does. There is no question of the willingness of the American people to do what may be necessary to win the war; but it is our job to show them how many things, different and sometimes apparently irrelevant things, are going to be necessary. There are plenty of men who would be willing to die for their country, if the occasion arose; but the occasion does not arise, and in the meantime they are unwilling to drive so slowly as forty miles an hour for their country. There are plenty of women who would be willing to take into their homes children who had been bombed out in an air raid—take them in and look after them; but we have had no air raids, and there is less enthusiasm for looking after the children of women who might go to work in munitions factories if they could get somebody to take care of the family. There is no question of the general willingness to do the obvious things, the spectacular things; but plenty of people are going to have to do dull and drab and uninteresting work besides, if we are to win the war.

Teach your students what kind of people we are fighting. They are able men and they mean business. When Admiral Yamamoto, last December, said that he intended to dictate peace in the White House, most of us took it as a joke; but Yamamoto meant it, and before long his men were a couple of thousand miles nearer the White House than when he said it. They would be nearer than that now, but for the victory at Midway. Teach your students that the leaders of Japan, and of Germany, have told their peoples that they are master races, with a God-given right to rule everybody else—including us; and that an immense number of Japanese and Germans really believe it. Teach your students what it feels like to be conquered by such people—there is plenty of evidence, from Europe and Asia too. Try to make them understand what it means to live in a country where any man may be tortured to death by men who like to torture people, for no other crime than refusal to take orders from the master race; where a dozen men might be picked at random and shot in so-called reprisal for something they never heard of—the killing, by somebody else, of a member of the master race; a country where children starve to death because the food is taken away from them by the master race. There are plenty of countries like that; the countries that failed to stop the enemy.

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Remember that the men we are fighting, the leaders and many millions of their followers, believe that anything goes, if it advances the interest of their own nation. We were infuriated by the treacherous attack on Pearl Harbor while the Japanese were still talking peace; but Hitler has attacked half a dozen nations in Europe while he was still talking peace. Remember that, when he starts talking peace again—as he conceivably might this winter, by roundabout methods, if the fighting does not go well enough to suit him this fall. Remember that to make peace with men like Hitler and the Japanese militarists would only be to let ourselves in for new and bigger Pearl Harbors, whenever they thought the moment was favorable; that we should have to remain so heavily armed, so heavily militarized, in anticipation of such attacks, that peace would be very little different from war. Teach your students that there is no use making peace with men who attack you in time of peace; that there is no safety, for us or anybody, till those men are beaten down. Teach them, in short, the kind of world they live in. It is not the kind of world any of us would like to live in; but we are not going to live in it very long, or very successfully, unless we know what it is like and what we have to do about it.

Well—after we have done something about it, after the enemy is beaten down, then education is going to have its toughest job. For it is going to have to fight the natural human tendency, after a great effort, to sit back and rest, to take it easy for a while, and every educator will have the unpleasant duty of telling his students, whether children or adults, that then above all times we cannot afford to take it easy, unless we want to run the risk of having this thing to do over again in another twenty-five years. H. G. Wells, writing just after the last war, described the situation of humanity at that time as a race between education and catastrophe. As we all know, catastrophe won that race; but if the United Nations win this war education has one more chance. And quite possibly just one more chance; for if we lose the next race, the next catastrophe will be a bigger and better catastrophe, which might close this phase of the development of the human species, and compel such specimens of it as might survive to start all over again, from the point we started from several thousand years ago.

This crucial point in human development—a point from which we may go onward and upward, fast, or back-

(*Continued on page* 16)

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History in a PT Boat

THEY WERE EXPENDABLE. By W. L. White. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1942. 205 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

> That night the news commentators in the States had us all winning the war, their buoyant, cheerful voices talking of victory. It made me very sore. We were out here where we could see these victories. There were plenty of them. They were all Japanese. I didn't know it would be worse when I got back in the States. Here the enemy have been marching steadily on in every hemisphere, taking more territory and more islands, and yet if even at one point we are able to check or repulse an attack, the silly headlines chatter of a victory.

THAT comes toward the end of the extraordinary and graphic narrative which W. L. White has been able to set down from the lips of some of the men who lived the story—the story of Motor Torpedo Boat Squadron 3. It may well come at the beginning of this review. For, until we come to understand that the gallantry, nerve, and skill of a few trained men may accomplish wonders and yet not be enough to turn the tide of battle, we shall continue to go around in blinders where this whole war is concerned.

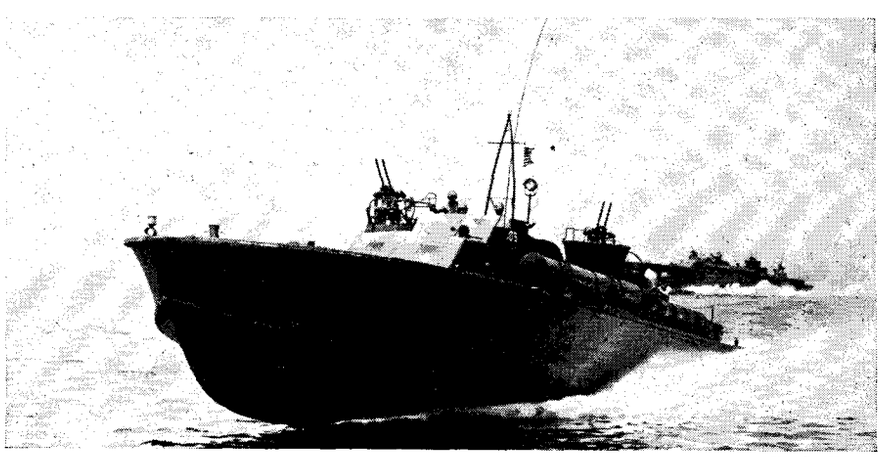
The story of the Squadron itself is breathtaking. It did all it was asked to do and more than the possible. There were six plywood speedboats, each powered by three Packard motors and armed with four torpedo tubes and four 50-caliber machine guns. There wasn't an ounce of armor steel on them—"we're little eggshells, designed to roar in, let fly a Sunday punch, and then get the hell out." They started the war in the Philippines with no base and rations for ten days. Their motors ran on 100 octane gasoline and the gas they got had been sabotaged. When the naval base at Cavite was bombed by the Japanese, all their spare parts were blasted to bits. The men who ran them got used to living on canned salmon and once, when they got tired of the salmon, ate a tomcat. Nevertheless, from the outbreak of war till the time they fired their last torpedoes in defense of Bataan, they sank about a hundred times their own tonnage in enemy warships, and killed or drowned ten Japanese for every man in their crews. That was not the finish. They were to lose all their boats and many of their men—but, between them, they were to get MacArthur and Quezon and Rockwell and a raft of generals and technicians safely away from Luzon and on the first leg of the journey that led to Australia. In the end, the boats were expended, but that is the record.

Always a first-class reporter, W. L. White, except for a brief preface, has kept himself completely out of the narrative. He lets one man after another fit his own piece into the story—Lieutenant John Bulkeley, who commanded the Squadron, Lieutenant Robert Bolling Kelly, who contributes the major part of the narration, Ensigns Akers and Cox, who add their own experiences. It takes good reporting to do that, but it is here. There is no dramatization—there doesn't have to be. There is the story, vivid, exciting, grim, authentic. There is wonderful human detail. You won't forget the blood on the landing platform at Canacao—you won't forget the seasick generals on the escape from Luzon—the old navy captain left behind in the islands—or Peggy, the Army nurse, who was expendable also. You won't forget the two codein tablets that helped a brave guy called Reynolds enjoy his last cigarette—and you certainly will not forget the bitterness of the attempted American offensive that came just too late.

Well, that was the way it was. You threw the book away and did what you could with what you had. But they didn't have enough and they fought to the last ditch and still it wasn't enough. And so Bataan fell, and Corregidor, and the islands we'd thought we might hold. They fell because we didn't have the planes, the matériel, the trained men to hold them against a modern and well-equipped enemy, moving in great force. We might have had them in six months, but wars don't wait six months for you to get ready. The fault was in the Army, the Navy, the Administration? Let us remember, please, certain votes in Congress, certain editorials in newspapers, and the general temper of our people before we ascribe that fault to anybody but ourselves. Perhaps Lieutenant Kelly sums it up as well as anybody when he remarks, "Yet how slow anybody learns in a war. Nobody knows anything about a war until it begins." That is bleakly true—peculiarly true of a democracy in its first few months of war. We pride ourselves on learning fast—we had better live up to and implement that pride. If we don't, very good and ingenious and able young men will die, not in victory but in defeat. And we will have no excuse whatever to offer—we, the people of the United States. We will have no excuse whatever to offer to their ghosts.

That is the lesson of "They Were Expendable"—a lesson not overstressed yet implicit in the material. It is a tale of gallantry, hardship, action, ingenuity. Simply and forcefully told, it ranks with the great tales of war. These were the men and this what they did. And we can be more than proud of what was done. During recent years, a good many high-toned people have gone around looking for the American spirit and bewailing its absence. If they want to know what the American spirit is like, under stress and pressure, they can read this book. It demonstrates just as clearly as the story of the Alamo that we know how to do much with little, and that our best can sell their lives very dear. But it demonstrates also that the rest of us will have to do a damn sight better than we are doing, in backing up our best, before we defeat the tough and resolute enemies whose aim is not merely our defeat but our destruction.

Bernard Brodie, author of "A Layman's Guide to Naval Strategy" which Princeton University Press will issue next week, has just been named the official historian of the Bureau of Ordnance. As such he will write the book to be published after the war as a report from the Bureau Chief to Congress. Mr. Brodie plans to continue teaching two semesters a year at Dartmouth College, where he is a member of the Department of Political Science.



—U. S. Navy.

PT Boat of the type in which General MacArthur made his escape.

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Gas as a Weapon in World War II

GAS WARFARE. By Colonel Alden Waitt. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc. 1942. 327 *pp., and index.* $2.75.

Reviewed by WILLIAM B. ZIFF

THIS is a most extraordinary volume. It is of a highly technical nature, yet written with all the simplicity of McGuffey's first reader. It is concerned with one of the most horrible methods of waging war, yet the author, Chief of the Chemical Section of the U. S. Army, begins his first chapter with these words: "Every sensible man is agreed that war should be resorted to only when all peaceful methods have failed."

Colonel Waitt's book can either be regarded as a literary curiosity, or as required reading for all those who bear any direct relationship to the conduct of the war. I prefer to accept the latter estimate, and if I had my way, every isolationist, every politician, military leader, and air raid warden would be compelled to use it for required homework.

The important features of this book are not the detailed information concerning the nature of gas warfare and the chemical agents which all nations are readying against the time when unrestricted warfare will blaze out against human society in a white-hot fury of destruction. It is rather the horrifying inferences these facts give rise to. Says the author:

> When the full power of air chemical warfare is revealed, the orthodox military mind will receive as great a shock as was caused by the success of German mass attacks with tanks and airplanes, or the Japanese air assault on Pearl Harbor with its final proof that airplanes can actually sink battleships . . . the problem of protection against gas is tremendously complicated by the airplane; no longer will there be any areas where anti-gas measures are unnecessary.

Whole industrial areas can be covered by deadly chemicals sprayed or dropped from airplanes. Entire cities can be attacked by these terrible means, or in combination with high explosives.

The implications of this situation are most unpleasant to those who have kept abreast of modern technology, and who are aware of the new shape war is assuming. If Russia should falter, enabling the Germans to organize the resources of three continents for an all-out attack on Britain, the United States would find itself caught like a peanut in a nutcracker, surrounded by the land masses of the Old World and with its southern appendage below the Rio Grande potentially as much a liability as an asset. The considerations which now restrain the military leaders of the Axis would evaporate. They would hardly refuse to utilize this potent weapon so conveniently at hand, and with the tactical position so markedly to their advantage. This type of possibility must give every thinking American pause, and convince him of the need for swift offensive action now, before the Axis plan of campaign succeeds in isolating the Americas and places them under a state of siege which includes an unrestrained chemical and demolition attack by great swarms of night-flying planes.

To understand the technical means by which this purpose could be achieved would make Colonel Waitt's book worth reading alone. In general, it deserves respect as a brilliantly organized estimate of the nature of gas warfare—an authoritative, hard-hitting treatise which will make ordinary lay reader shudder and delight the heart of the military scientist. This whole complex subject is carefully covered. The chemical weapons themselves, and their use in battle as well as the methods of protection against them are completely entered into. The book is sufficiently technical to serve as a handbook for officers in the field, but, as has been indicated above, can be read with interest and profit by anyone.

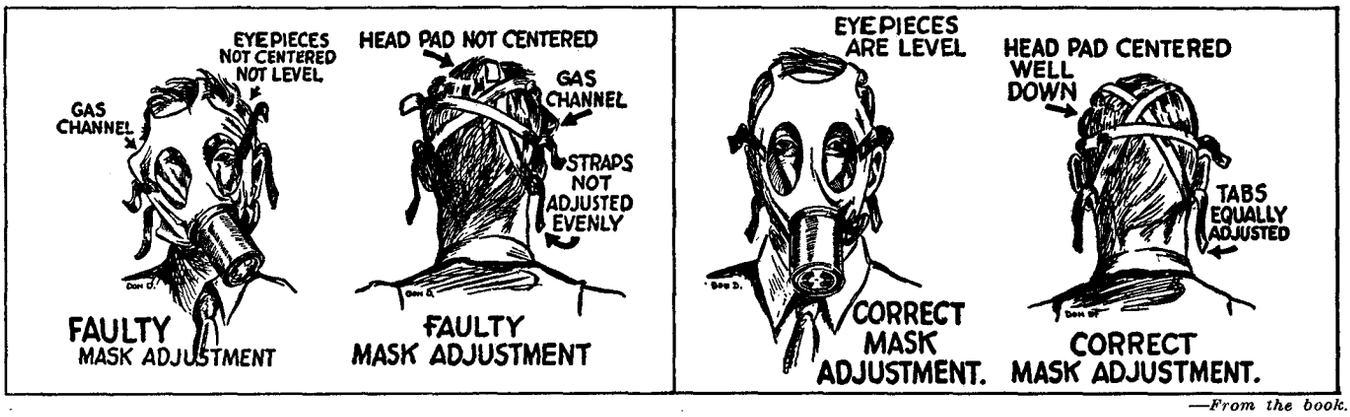
Lessons of the Past

A HISTORY OF SEA POWER. By William O. Stevens and Allan Westcott. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1942. 467 *pp.* $6.

Reviewed by PAUL SCHUBERT

THE standard work on its subject studied by Midshipmen for twenty years and more, this book now appears in a new edition brought up to date to include events through 1941. In its way, this volume is a contemporary classic—thorough, professorial, adequate. It is filled from cover to cover with the tales of battles, the diagrams of battle tactics, the descriptions of ships, the strategy of wars—what an interminable time men have been fighting wars over the same old oceans, the same old geography!

All the places and names current in news of the present war are in these pages as elements of past struggle—Amboina, Corregidor, Malta, Alexan-



—From the book.

THE INCORRECT WAY

If the head harness of the mask is incorrectly adjusted so that the opposing straps are not exerting equal pressure, wrinkles and channels along the side of the face will probably occur, and as a consequence, gas can then leak between. Figures show the front and rear views of faulty adjustment.

THE CORRECT WAY

In choosing the size of a mask, the eyes should be about two-thirds of the way up in the lens, so as to give the best vision. The tabs of the head harness should not be pulled so tight as to cause headaches. However, they must be adjusted tight enough so that no leakage occurs.

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dria. The "lessons" of the present war —they've all been taught time and time again in the past. This work is a solid education in the oldness of nautical novelty, and in reading it, we see how the student professional mariner is taught—and rightly so—to turn to the past in thinking about the future.

Just as this is the book's strength, it is also its weakness. To be sure, any work originally published in 1920 on the subject of sea power, is unavoidably somewhat "dated," however carefully revised, when read in 1942. Twenty years ago the gun was still undisputed king of naval battle, the aircraft was still a great novelty, the aircraft-carrier a greater novelty still. This book is still extremely "gun-minded"—its conception of naval battle is still that formed in the World War school of naval thought, during a period when navies were built entirely around the power of the capital ship, the gun-fighting dreadnought. It is a little curious, in a work that illustrates almost every type of vessel back to the days of antiquity, to find no illustration of the aircraft-carrier and to find so little stress upon the current revolution in naval practices.

But then, those are matters of the present and the future, and this book is really meant to teach the lessons of the past. This it does admirably. It is, in effect, a condensation of three thousand years of recorded sea power at work—it outlines all the milestone engagements, links them together with brief historical narrative, discusses the weapons, the personalities of the commanders, the natures of the conflicts.

Leaving aside the part played by evolving weapons, and equally the part played by the occasional genius-commander, the lesson of the book is that character wins wars. Victory in this world is to the spartan without soft spot in his core, who fights the brave and vigorous fight. It's good to know that this is the lesson woven into the "History of Sea Power" studied by our Midshipmen—the general public will profit by the book equally.

War poster paintings created by fourteen of America's most famous artists are on exhibition in New York's Associated American Artists Galleries. The exhibition will be on free public view daily except Sundays through September. The paintings, two of which have already been published by the Treasury Department as War Bond posters, and the rest of which have been offered to the Office of War Information and other Government Agencies for their use without cost, take as subjects production, salvage, conservation, civilian defense, blood donations, and others.

The Militarism of National Socialism

THE GUILT OF THE GERMAN ARMY. By Hans Ernest Fried. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1942. 426 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by HENRY B. KRANZ

Hans Ernest Fried

SOME books make you wonder why they have not been written before. This is one of them. Its particular contribution is the detailed and brilliant explanation of National Socialism as a militaristic movement. It demasks the political neutrality of the German Army and it analyzes National Socialism as the last form of German militarism. It unveils the military roots of Hitler's ideology and opens the eyes of those who still believe that the German Army, while protecting Hitlerism, is using it for its own ends.

Hans Ernest Fried tells us that the German officer class is "part and parcel of the National Socialist system." Militarism and Hitlerism are "one and the same thing." Should the army attempt to get rid of the party it would be only to "save their common ideal: German militarism."

"The Guilt of the German Army" is a most timely book. Lately, voices have been heard demanding that after the end of this war Germany should be occupied by Allied armies for many years to come. Other authoritative writers have told us the end of the Nazi party alone would guarantee Germany's return to the civilized ways of life and the coöperation with the democracies.

Mr. Fried, a young Viennese, now professor at the New School for Social Research in New York, has a new answer. He has collected revealing material on the complex relationship between the German army and the Nazi party. He has found that one-third of the demobilized officers of the Imperial army after 1918 continued to be engaged in military tasks while many more introduced military opinions and military methods into civilian life. He gives evidence that as early as 1930 all of the highest commanders of the S.A. were former career officers, and that forty-three per cent of them were aristocrats. Many ex-officers' organizations were behind the new movement which glorified the army, glorified war, and militarized civilian life by stating: "We are all soldiers of the Fuehrer."

No wonder that Hitler always felt sure of the army and the aristocrats. How could anyone overlook that as early as 1919 most volunteer corps like the Ehrhardt Brigade contained exclusively Hakenkreuzler? That in 1934 the army gladly agreed to put the Swastika on its uniforms? Hitler promised war, and war was what they wanted.

Mr. Fried traces his arresting analysis back to 1918 when a "modest revolution" failed to depose the military class and when the aristocracy insisted on telling the people that Germany had not been defeated. The Imperial Officers' caste remained intact. Men like Ludendorff openly declared that the only salvation for the future would be "Prussian militarism," and welcomed Hitler who promised a Greater Germany and revenge for Versailles. (The Weimar Republic payed them higher pensions than to any government officials.) This meant the end of the old German militarism and the rise of the new National Socialist militarism which combined socialistic ideas with subordination and the Fuehrer principle. And the German people fell into the trap.

Would the end of Hitlerism mean a guarantee of a new democratic and peaceful Germany? Not as long as the German military class is not removed from military activities and economic prominence. Would the occupation of Germany by allied troops be a safeguard for a brighter future? This author does not think so. He believes the only protection against the return of a German militarism of the National Socialist order would be the creation of a loyal anti-Nazi popular army in Germany. This could pave the way for ultimate disarmament.

"The Guilt of the German Army" presents startling new material about a problem in everybody's mind. It is an extraordinary book. It will not fail to arouse eagerness, admiration, and applause.

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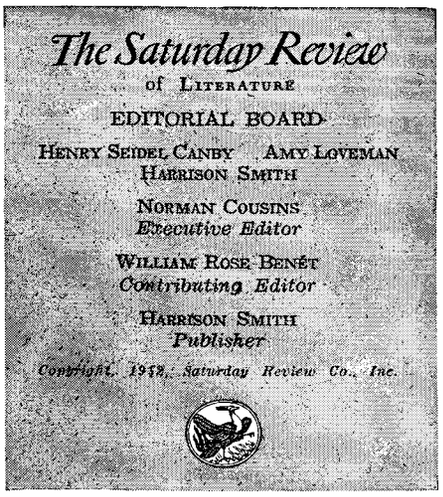

TOWARD NEW HORIZONS

IT has long been patent to the world as well as a source of pleasant satisfaction to ourselves that Americans are a restless and an energetic race. We are a dynamic people, more given to action than to consideration, impatient of obstacles, confident of success, inclined to cut through to the fundaments of a subject without dallying in the thickets of detail or the byways of reflection. Just what has made us what we are, it would be difficult to say, some alembic in the air, the grace of God that gave us fat fields that yielded in profusion with little labor, a continent where success always beckoned across the frontier, the very excitement that sprang from and battened on spectacular national development. At any rate, we long since came to believe in our star, to hold with improvisation, and be sure of success. It has been our good fortune to have had an amplitude of resources which prevented our reckless misuse of them from being fatal, to have been young and so have had time to retrieve the mistakes which in our rapid surge toward world power we had made, to have had exuberance enough to carry us on with ardor unabated after setbacks. But the world has lived a century in the last twenty-five years, and even America has had time to mature to a realization that henceforth if it is to live a free life it can no longer be by a hit-or-miss method but only by taking constant and deep thought for the morrow.

In a way, even with all we hold most sacred in human society and in government ground in struggle before our eyes, we are fortunate. For the very magnitude of the present disaster and of the far greater catastrophe that would befall us should victory go to our enemies has so impressed men's minds as to convince them of the imperative need of facing facts. There are few thinking individuals today who, whether they like it or not, do not realize that a revolution has been in progress in their own country as well as in others. There are few who, if they will search their hearts instead of their hopes, can fail to admit that wherever we may be going we are not going back to the old order which once stood us in such good stead. There are fewer than there were who wish we could.

It is not the first time that a war has brought Americans face to face with a world radically different from that which they have known. The Civil War left the South not only burned and wracked, with its wealth swept away, its homes gone, its youth dead or crippled, but face to face with a complete reversal of its social and economic structure. It left it with divided counsels. It had its irreconcilables and its far-seeing statesmen who recognized that its hope lay in wise acceptance of the inevitable and an effort to convert an outworn system into a new one that preserved what was good and rejected what was bad of the old. The North had its wise statesmen, too, who saw what must be done to bind the nation together, but it also had its rapacious politicians who saw in the defeat of the Confederacy the opportunity for advancing their own ends. Unfortunately neither North nor South had a consistent program for reconstruction, but several different interpretations of the act of secession and of the course that should be pursued in restoring the relations of the states which had seceded to the Union. Between the confusion of ideas and the greed of little men there resulted the bitter trials of Reconstruction.

We are faced now, in a few years if we are fortunate, after a long period if the war goes badly in the next year or two, with different and even more difficult problems of readjustment. The details of those problems are unknown today but their broad outline is already apparent, and it is none too soon to begin to prepare men's minds for them. It will be not into a nation but into a comity of nations that hostile elements will have to be fitted. We can't afford to wait now, as America did after the Civil War, to settle on certain basic principles and interpretations of policy. We can't afford to push into the background, to have it crop up as a stumbling block at the peace table, what we are going to think of tariff barriers, what we are going to do with labor. We can't settle on any definite policy, of course, but we can and we must prepare men's mind to be open to variant points of view, to insist that they investigate the situation from all aspects to the end that they may act with knowledge and forethought when the day of settlement comes. The time for improvisation is over, and we all of us owe it to our country to study and to ponder and to argue a program for the future even as we bend our constant energies to winning the war in the present. A. L.

The Invincible Mistress

By Bette Richart

ACROSS the purple water, on a shore
Distant and lucent, all night a lady broods,
Changeless and still and bright. Untouched forever
By shadowy death, all night my lady broods.

At the water's edge she breaks our attitudes.

Upon her gleaming hair, cool in the moonlight
Is a most austere wreath of pale blue laurel.
For from her lips the restless wanderers hear
(Or so they think) a music. She is crowned with laurel.

She has never lifted her finger to point a moral.

But men, so they say, have so wished to possess her,
They have lost their voices trying to make her speak;
With their hands have pushed back her hair, and with their lips
Have opened her own in trying to make her speak.

But the lady maintains a silence she will not break.

She broods all night, and if you have heard her singing
It is only a magic hour's divine delusion.
She has never uttered a word, nor moved that hand
To comfort a lover, for her comfort is delusion.
O ivory lady!
Fantastic wreath of laurel!
Brooding serene and cruel beyond confusion.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"The Drums of Morning"

SIR:—May I register my protest against Sidney L. McGee's review of "The Drums of Morning," by Philip Van Doren Stern? In the first place it is one of those maddening reviews which tell you nothing of the merits of a book from the literary point of view, whether it is well written and a good novel or a bad novel. In the next place it is a partisan attack upon the viewpoint of the author and his presentation of slavery. Mr. McGee's hostile bias is evident throughout, notably at the conclusion of his review in which he says that, but for the seriousness of the dedication and the honesty of portrayal, the reviewer would be inclined to think this book a satire, "a 'perfect' Abolitionist novel to end all Abolitionist novels."

Now I may be biased, too, but I have spent a considerable portion of my life in the study of the Abolition movement, and I can only believe that Mr. McGee has accepted the "Gone with the Wind"—Thomas Nelson Page type of romanticism as to slavery and the Civil War in lieu of the historical facts. There is, I am certain, not one single portrayal of the institution of slavery in Mr. Stern's book which could not be buttressed a thousand times by facts, not from Northern but Southern sources. Had Mr. McGee ever read that remarkable work, "Slavery as It Is; Testimony of a Thousand Witnesses," he never could have written what he has nor hold the opinions that he does. For this book is at least eighty-five per cent compiled from Southern sources, the testimony chiefly of Southern newspapers. Of course the branding with the letters S.S. of Jonathan Bradford, Mr. Stern's hero, is duplicated in history. In fact there is probably hardly an incident in it that could not be paralleled again and again out of the records.

It was the highest time that we should have another presentation of the most horrible institution in American history than the whitewashing romances and deliberate misrepresentations that have been given to us in the movies, in novels, and in alleged history. If the institution was that delightful and kindly system which the modern generation is being taught to believe that it was, how on earth could it have so convulsed America, and how wicked it was to end it with four years of bloodshed! It was, of course, a system under which men and women could be sold without warning, in which there was no legal marriage, in which a father had no right to his children, in which white men sold their bastard children into slavery, in which every man was at the complete mercy of his master. No amount of portrayal of kindness to the house servants in the 250,000—that was all—large plantation homes could possibly offset the brutality of the treatment of the slaves held, one or two, in remote rural districts where there was no hope of escape and no public opinion to control what went on.

Take the case of Henry "Box" Brown. He left his home one morning with his wife and two children in it. Four hours later as he was working in the field he heard the moans of a slave coffle passing on the road. He and his fellow-workers went to the road to see the latest victims bound for the slave mart to be "sold South," and there in that weeping procession were his wife and children. It was years before he saw them again. It was enough for him. He had himself nailed into a box in which he could not even straighten his legs; a few gimlet holes gave him what air he got. In this coffin he was shipped from Richmond to Philadelphia. One does not leave a beneficent and kindly institution thus!

It is to be hoped that in justice to the men of the North who primarily entered the war to save the Union, and after the Emancipation Proclamation fought to free the slaves, we shall have many other books besides Mr. Stern's to tell the truth about what was the greatest and most successful moral crusade in the history of America—the Abolition movement.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD.

New York City.

"But those are my scout merit badges."

"My Uncle Benjamin"

SIR:—It should greatly please your correspondent Kurt Donziger, who in the current issue of *SRL* extols the greatness of Claude Tillier and his inimitable "My Uncle Benjamin" while he deplores their complete neglect, that the situation is not as unrelieved as it appears to him to be.

If Mr. Donziger will make a journey to the third floor of the N. Y. Public Library at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street, he will find as follows:

1. Although author and work fell into complete neglect until 1870 when he was rediscovered by Anatole France in France, and by the exiled Ludwig Pfau for Germany, no five years have gone by since then without the appearance of at least one new edition of "My Uncle Benjamin" either in French or in German.

2. Thomas Nelson publishes in Paris an expurgated edition of "My Uncle Benjamin" for high-school students.

3. America has had no less than three translations of "My Uncle Benjamin." The first, by Benjamin Tucker, appeared in 1896, and was destroyed by fire before it could gain much ground. The second, by Adele Szold, appeared in 1922 and was quickly remaindered. The third, by Marie Lorenz, with ten full-page illustrations by Mahlon Blaine, and by far the best and handsomest of the three, is in its second printing, and, I understand, doing very nicely.

I agree with Mr. Donziger that Claude Tillier stands among the giants of world-literature, and it is still a matter of complete amazement to me that a book as delightful and as gracious as "My Uncle Benjamin" should be so remote from the every day habits of the American continent.

NORMAN LOCKRIDGE.

New York City.

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Jennie Lee's Battle

LEJA GORSKA

THE GREAT JOURNEY. By Jennie Lee. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1942. 298 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

JENNIE LEE was the youngest woman to be elected a member of the House of Commons. She was twenty-four years old and, as Mr. Shirer says in his preface, "easy to look at." She is the serious, hard-working daughter of a Scotch miner, with advanced socialist opinions which his daughter shares and she remains justly indignant when journalists prefer to write about her youth and her looks rather than her politics. Yet she may take comfort. William Pitt was scolded for his youth, and Disraeli for his waistcoats and ringlets: how then, in a world of mostly male commentators, can a woman escape superficial and irrelevant comment?

I hope this autobiography will have a wide circulation. It will explain, better than more formal volumes, better than all the writings of such distinguished people as Harold Laski, G. D. H. Cole, or Sidney and Beatrice Webb, the peculiar genius of the socialist movement in Great Britain; it will explain why neither communism nor nazism can ever gain a strong foothold in that country. Jennie Lee is a working woman, born and brought up in a working-class atmosphere; and I cannot imagine what Mr. Shirer means when he says that her story "is in a sense one which will be more familiar to Americans than to Englishmen. She is what we like to call 'self-made.'" The records of British political life are packed with "self-made" men and women, as are the records of business life. The Labor Party in Britain has been, and still is, predominantly controlled by such men —John Burns, Keir Hardie, Robert Smillie, Arthur Henderson, Ramsey Macdonald, Philip Snowden, Margaret Bonfield, J. H. Thomas, J. H. Clynes, Ernest Bevins—the list is almost endless. Only recently has its ranks been recruited from the upper middle-class. And the party as a whole—and it explains the failure of communism to penetrate it—has kept one characteristic which marks it off from more rigid, more "ideological" schools: a keen sense of individual need, of individual traits—an unrepentant attention to "old Bill," or "dear old Sally," or "that blighter Bob" rather than to "the proletariat." One only has to read Miss Lee's comments on such renegades as Oswald Mosley, such "traitors" as Jimmy Thomas or Ramsey Macdonald, to realize how strong in the British is the inclination to insist that, finally, it is character which matters.

Miss Lee writes simply and with candid sincerity. Her earlier chapters on her childhood in Fife, and her university days at Edinburgh, are delightful; and her portrait of her parents has a profound, affectionate beauty. From the time of her entry into parliament the book becomes largely a record of the coming of the storm through which we are all living. She has visited this country many times; she was in Spain in the Civil War; she was in Austria in 1929 and pays a deserved tribute to the correspondents there, Knickerbocker, Gunther, Shirer, and Gedye. Unlike the small group—the Independent Labor Party—with which she was once associated, Jennie Lee is for a fight to a finish, and believes that here she is with the common people the world over.

> who had never thought to fight, who do not believe in fighting but, driven to it, may surprise the Führer. . . . He has still to reckon with those others; those others who are not clever enough to be bemused by

Jennie Lee

> him nor worldly enough to understand how it is always possible to do business with the devil.
>
> All they know is that he has slain all gentleness. And if you ask them what they mean to do, they will tell you they must keep on marching over Africa, Asia, Europe, until inch by inch, mile by mile, country after country, they have set his last and humblest victim free. In their simplicity they count anything less than that a betrayal.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

ROMANS À CLEF

"The characters in this story are entirely imaginary and have no relation to actual persons," says many a novelist by way of preface. But not always, as Miss Helen Stroupe, of Charlotte, N. C., points out in this week's quiz. From the clues given below, you are to name the famous person who appears in the book under a fictitious name. Answers are on page 14.

1. This famous French painter is believed to be the original of Charles Strickland, in Somerset Maugham's "The Moon and Sixpence."
2. Reginald Bunthorne, in W. S. Gilbert's "Patience," walked down Piccadilly with a sunflower or a lily in his medieval hand, but everybody recognized him as a well-known English writer.
3. This dilettante lounged on a sofa, as Harold Segrift, during most of S. N. Behrman's "Brief Moment"; and was grounded in a wheel-chair as Sheridan Whiteside in "The Man Who Came to Dinner," by Kaufman and Hart.
4. Although transferred from Amherst to a Middle-Western setting, Alison, in Susan Glaspell's "Alison's House," is recognizable as a prominent American poetess.
5. This British author was unattractively portrayed as Edward Driffield, the "grand old man of letters," in Somerset Maugham's "Cakes and Ale."
6. The two leading characters in Edna Ferber's story, "Mother Knows Best," seem to the public to be a famous Broadway entertainer of the First World War and her mother.
7. When Du Maurier's "Trilby" appeared in magazine form, a famous painter protested so much against being caricatured as Joe Sibley, a bohemian artist, that the character was considerably altered and appeared in book form under the name of Antony.
8. "The Honorable Peter Stirling," by Paul Leicester Ford, was the flattering portrait of a New York governor who later became President of the United States.
9. The character of Harold Skimpole, in Dickens's "Bleak House," seriously offended an old friend of his, a poet of minor distinction.
10. An esthetic, misanthropic poet-novelist of the 1920's was broadly caricatured in "Count Bruga," by Ben Hecht.

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Hobart . . .

THE CUP AND THE SWORD. By Alice Tisdale Hobart. New York: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1942. 400 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by RICHARD ELLIS

THIS is a first-rate example of the family chronicle novel—it can successfully challenge comparison with Mazo de la Roche's Jalna books. It is, however, more than a skilfully, firmly seen, and rendered story of the Rambeau family: it is a history of an American tragedy. Here you have the wanton destruction, the subsequent degradation, and the slow, successful, and surely permanent restoration of a great American industry—the wine-growing of California. There was wine in the United States before California was a state; but only with the settling of California, with the Americanization of Swiss, Italian, German, and French vineyard experts, did the making of wine become a major national interest. And it was ruined, men heart-broken, grave, serious men disconcerted and stunned to discover that the authorities of the new land, to which they had given their allegiance and their best, suddenly put their life-work, their families' life-work on the level of the lowest crime. It is not the least merit of Mrs. Hobart's book that she stages that tragedy—stages it without melodrama, hysteria, or false pathos.

Against this tragedy we have the drama of young Elizabeth Rambeau who comes from France to California to stay with her grandfather, head of the Rambeau vineyards. Mrs. Hobart's portraits of old Jean-Philippe Rambeau, his formidable daughter Marthe, the reckless young nephew John, who plays ball with the bootleggers, of Elizabeth herself and her luckless husband Andrew, are tenderly and brilliantly painted. The lesser characters are equally successful: and Mrs. Hobart has the rare gift of showing people grow older, and in spite of the changes wrought by the years, remain recognizably the same. "The Cup and the Sword" is a fine, full novel, redolent of the earth, hot with the sun of California valleys, cool and peaceful with the shade of the tree-sheltered houses and patios.

In response to increasing inquiries pertaining to the Netherlands and the Dutch East Indies, a Netherlands Studies Unit has been established in the Library of Congress under the auspices of the Foundation for Netherlands-American Cultural Activities, of New York City. Dr. Bartholomew Landheer, of the Netherlands Information Bureau, New York, is director.

Alice Tisdale Hobart

Baur . . .

THE WHITE QUEEN. By Betty Baur. New York: The Viking Press. 1942. 491 *pp.* $2.50.

MISS BAUR'S first novel is satisfying on a number of counts. Chief among them is her easy competence with everything she handles, and there are several themes handled here simultaneously, any one of which could provide serious difficulties. England in 1937 was watching an ominous cloud upon her horizon to the South, over Spain, to which she could assign no shape or name (how easily we can name it now). There was the stirring of social sensitivity. Into this atmosphere of doubt, fear, change, Miss Baur introduces a young American girl, as a kind of test or standard.

Deborah Abbott is herself seeking after verities, or perhaps groping would better describe her search. She has found no more clarity about Spain in England than she had in Boston. She is married to Richard Reddaway, good of heart, vacillating, fonder of Mozart and farming than of tiresome political matters. But their friend Sam MacDonnel was a Loyalist fighter in Spain. His return rings the changes in Deborah's life, and the turning toward him, spiritually, then physically, is the book's crisis.

It may perhaps seem too neatly symbolic, but Miss Baur brushes this aside with her talent for characterization, for, quite apart from her preoccupation with world politics, she has a keen flair for individual analysis, so that every person in the story stands cleanly portrayed. N. L. R.

Taylor . . .

UNTIL THAT DAY. By Kressmann Taylor. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1942. 314 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by H. B. WREATH

THE author of "Address Unknown" tells another story of Nazi persecutions. Now it is the tale of what happened to Karl Hoffmann, the son of a pastor of the Lutheran Church, who realized that Hitlerism meant destruction of Christianity.

Miss Taylor gives us the story as it was told to her by young Karl Hoffmann after his arrival in America. In her introduction she says: "The story of what happened to him and to men like him in Germany is something of a modern miracle. The strange thing about his story is that it is a story of the defeat of the tremendous Nazi force, inside Germany. The men who trust the forces of physical power can conquer but they cannot win."

We hear how young Hoffmann was brought up in Magdeburg on the Elbe where his father, strongly conservative in politics and a staunch Monarchist, and his mother "a little woman, round as a butterball," gave him the usual education: "Gymnasium and University." When he knew that he believed in God he decided to follow in the footsteps of his father.

And from here we see him closely study the Nazi movement rampant at the Berlin University not less than among workers, officers, and government officials. He started to hate it. But his struggle was useless. Soon his father was arrested because he refused to preach the new doctrine from the pulpit. Karl joined the underground movement of the opposition, the "Confessional Church," against the Nazi German Christian movement. He became a follower of Pastor Niemoeller and distributed leaflets. Then stormtroopers killed his father and he himself was arrested. Friends succeeded in getting him out of Germany just as the Gestapo was on his heels.

"Until That Day" is remarkable because it gives evidence that there are many hundreds of thousands in Germany whose faith in Christianity and the ideas it stands for have not been shattered by Hitler's stormtroopers; that they are rebels without arms waiting until "that day comes" when their pastors will be allowed again to preach the word of God. "The fight is just beginning. I who have been there know that the battle is not lost. I who have fought without weapons know the sureness of the final victory."

It is a simply and movingly told story. It conveys hope and confidence.

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Hughie Call

Call . . .

GOLDEN FLEECE. By Hughie Call. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1942. 250 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by ELIZABETH B. Cox

HERE is another volume to add to the book shelf reserved for stories of women versus life in the Far West. It is a worthy companion for its predecessors—"A Cowman's Wife," "A Desert Wife," "The Land of the Burnt Thigh," "No Life for a Lady," "A Bride Goes West" and others. Whatever one may find to criticize in these books from a purely literary standpoint, one must recognize accurate reporting of the locale, the time, and the people. In each of them it is magnificently plain that the writer loves her country, not only the geographical stage for her story and the shifting scenery of the seasons, but each act and the players and the drama itself. It is no coincidence, either, that each writer is blessed with a sense of humor. In the final analysis that sense of humor is the raison d'etre of the book. Without it no woman would last long enough on a cattle ranch, trading post, homestead, or sheep ranch to accumulate the makings of a book. The West, the saying goes, is "hell on women and horses." From the early days a woman's place in this man's world has been strictly utilitarian. Fortunate is the woman who has the fortitude and the inner balance to concede gracefully to this fact and oil her cog in the endlessly turning wheel of ranch life. It is worth all the chips.

Hughie Call's "Golden Fleece" is a casually told story of life on a sheep ranch, illuminated by a clear understanding of the problems, the difficulties, and the rewards. It is a personal record of experiences and observations rather than an interpretation of a way of life. Like many ranch brides since the West was settled, Mrs. Call came unprepared for her new home by the circumstances of her background; unprepared that is for the practical aspect of ranch life. That she keenly felt her status as "tenderfoot" and was determined to take a hand, to be a working part of the ranch, made her more sharply aware of the innumerable angles and factors in the business of wool growing. She knows her ranch now from the kitchen pantry to the sheep wagon in the mountains. There is more detailed information about the operation of a present day ranch in her story than in any other book of its kind that I know.

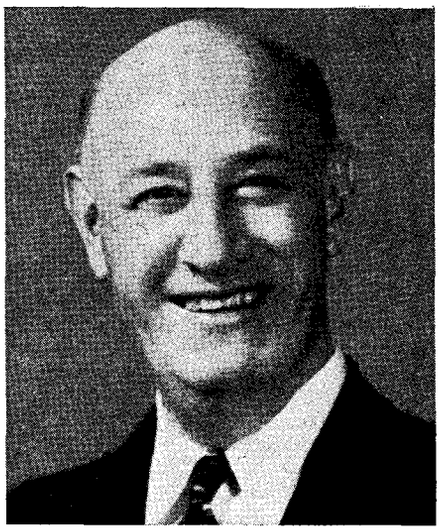
This is not the West of Zane Grey, the horse operas, or the dude ranches. This is the every day, twelve months out of the years West which knows the hard winters, the droughts, the bad roads, the jangling bell of the party line, the problems of stock growing, the behavior of live stock, the hard work, the catastrophes, and the struggle to make a living in a country which is still and will always be wild at heart. But if anyone feels that this life, particularly for a woman, would be unbearable, Mrs. Call's book will quietly inform them to the contrary. Her story, like her life, is welded together by her interest in and her affection for all the people who have shared her life.

Amrine . . .

ALL SONS MUST SAY GOODBYE. By Michael Amrine. New York: Harper & Bros. 1942. 309 *pp.* $2.50.

NOW that Mr. Amrine has this novel out of his system perhaps he will go on to write a book that will give us a better view of his talents. A young man's first meetings with experience—school, college, love, sex, drink, ideas, the repressive father, the town philosopher, the Big Decisions—are traditional material for a first novel, and Mr. Amrine is close enough to them to feel them with their original keenness. But this kind of novel has to have a streak of originality, or a touch of genius, in it to live, and Mr. Amrine has not included either. "All Sons Must Say Goodbye" remains, then, the usual farewell to a young man's first fine careless raptures, too much like too many others. Mr. Amrine writes a swift and emotional prose which ought to show up to much greater advantage in his next book.

N. L. R.



Shine Philips

Philips . . .

BIG SPRING. By Shine Philips. New York: Prentice-Hall. 1942. 231 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

BIG SPRING, in west Texas, started out as a convenient water hole; when the white men came they shot the Indians and buffalo and slowly made a city that now has the staggering total of 14,000 citizens. The most eminent party in the place is, or shortly will be, the town druggist, Mr. Shine Philips, an old settler who has here put down the least pretentious and most effective biography of a small town this reviewer has ever read.

The device is the simplest; a stranger drops into Shine's drug store and asks for a chocolate soda. He makes some slightly disparaging remark about the town and Shine decides to tell him something about the place till the soda is finished and the fellow is eligible for shooting. There follow the jolliest reminiscences one can easily imagine about drug store business on the frontier; at the end of them the Scheherazade technique takes up in reverse—Shine has to spare the man to tell him about the frontier doctors the next night.

After the doctors come the preachers, the saloons, those glorious and romantic fellows the drummers, the barbershops, the critters of the ranches from rattlesnakes to dogies, the law ("Was there much lawbreaking?" "Well, we broke what we had"), book learning, girls, squatters, tenderfeet, and even plumbing ("The first time I pulled one of them chains it scared me half to death").

The stranger sticks manfully to his sodas though he does take up a bi-

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carb. of soda diet toward the end; at the end he hands Shine his book with the cryptic remark that he is going on West. No doubt he now rests in an unknown but honored dyspeptic's grave.

There is little one can review about a book like this; it is robust, realistic, pleasantly sentimental, and there is a legitimate grin on almost every page. Old Doc Jones came into town without a nickel and became one of the beloved people of the place. He never collected bills so the cowboys painted a sign for him, "Doc Jones—Office Upstairs." When he died there were no tombstones to be had so the boys put the sign on his grave. The magnificent saloon of the town had two glorious pictures, one a Bougereau nude and the other "Custer's Last Stand." Young Shine could never decide which was the purtier, General Custer or the nude. The Earl of Aylesford came out to ranch; he bought half a gallon of whiskey every day, took as many as seventeen drinks at a time standing at the bar, and occasionally took home a bottle or two of gin in case the whiskey ran short. He drank himself to death very promptly —"However, he was a free hearted Englishman and he became very popular with the local citizens."

These are some of the more boisterous episodes in a book that is very hearty but is sometimes gentle and reflective and profound in its simplicity. A dern good pill you rolled, Druggist Phillips.

Baker . . .

HOUSE OF THE ROSES. By Charlotte Baker. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1942. 254 *pp.* $2.

ROMANCE, adventure, and more than a dash of espionage against a colorful Mexican background. Lost family treasure, the quest of a young Austrian who has only the slightest clue to work on, is traced to the House of the Roses. A venerable woman, Senora Chateney, who is shrewd and resourceful, undertakes to help Constantin. He is murdered before she gets really under way, but she forges ahead, using her little maid, a pair of more or less star-crossed lovers, an old Mexican night watchman, an ex-vaudeville performer to uncover both the treasure and the Nazi agents. It is diverting summer reading, with excellent atmosphere and some astute observations on the reactions to certain Mexicans toward America and Americans.

R. L.

PERSONAL

BUSINESS TYCOON seeks new contacts. American born of Middle-West stock. Hero of the first World War. Started his own business with small repair shop. Now President of large concern working on government orders. Board of Directors frankly puzzled as to why Charley Martel, just a home-town boy, has become a national figure. They admit, however, that he has a simple recipe for getting what he wants. At present in Washington, D. C. For further information see FOLLOW THE LEADER*.

CLYDE BRION DAVIS'S novel is so out of the ordinary that it has had a strange effect: reviewers criticize its chief character as if he were a real person. (And well he might be.) For instance the *N. Y. Times Book Review* calls Charley Martel "A common man, or in view of his success, an uncommon common man, and in spite of his limitations, or because of them, a man understood by the millions and respected by them." On the other hand the *Greensboro News Record* says, "You can have no admiration for Charles Martel . . . You can never learn to like his mother."

The *Boston Herald* thinks "Charley Martel is a figure never far from tragedy, but like the American ideal itself, not very far from the stars, either." Sterling North in the *Chicago News* calls Charley "a more believable Babbitt than Babbitt himself." While the *N. Y. Herald Tribune Books* says, "A satiric study of a man, root, twig and tree, who in 1944 or '48 may be accepted as Presidential timber." And the *Boston Globe* cheers Charley Martel as "so real, so unexaggerated, so nice when he's nice that it's fun to think of all the self-identification that's going to go on."

Whether Charley Martel is the kind of man you'd like to be married to—or even whether as a leader he is the kind you could trust—there is no question that his story is as exciting as it is important and significant.

* **FOLLOW the LEADER**

A NOVEL BY **CLYDE BRION DAVIS**

Author of The Anointed
and "The Great American Novel—"

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Babson . . .

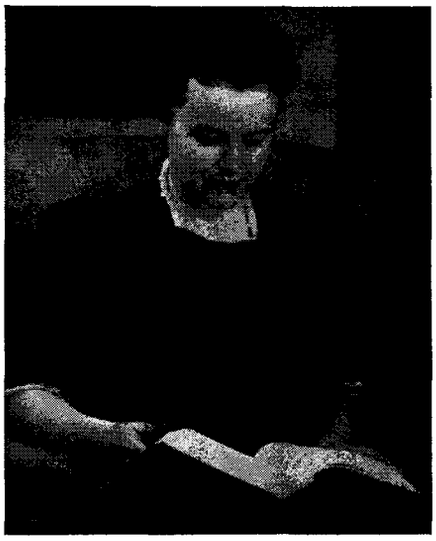
LOOK DOWN FROM HEAVEN. By Naomi Lane Babson. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1942. 296 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by MARY TAYLOR BACON

LIKE Hardy's "Tess" this novel is the story of "a good girl" faithfully presented. Miss Babson has returned to the New England scene of her first novel, "The Yankee Bodleys," and has given with integrity and succinctness the life of Mary, a young Finnish girl in a coastal town in Massachussetts, from the age of eight to twenty-two. With almost cinematic rapidity the book covers the year 1905 —when Mary, her mother Hannie, and imbecile brother Ivor find refuge and work in Wine Harbor—to 1907, a vital year in Mary's life. The author has devoted a third of the book to this year. Mary is ten, sturdy, impressionable, imaginative. The happenings of this year: her friendship with Ronn and his mother who give her glimpses into an outside world of culture and education; Ivor's death; Hannie's death, all play a crucial and constructive part in her growing-up.

The years 1907 to 1919 show this development. Mary grows into a woman of courage and forthrightness. She endures a tragic love affair; finds solace in the devotion of her friend Pinky, and in Frank who is willing to wait. Above all she discovers within her own soul a peace; she knows that the lasting things are the little things—"rain on the roof" and "the smell of autumn leaves."

Miss Babson has written a moving and charming story. Her prose is delicately punctuated with lyric and poetic passages. She has maintained a remarkable unity in the novel as a whole through her three main divisions; through the repetition of the leit-motif: "The same stars shine all around the world. Places are not very far apart, people not very different, to eyes looking down from heaven"; and through the reiteration of the phrase "a good girl." Though at times the reader may become confused by the great number of village characters, the essential figures are wrought with clarity. The author never leaves one in doubt about the period of which she is writing. The months and years are stated specifically or suggested by the names of political persons or incidents.



Naomi Lane Babson

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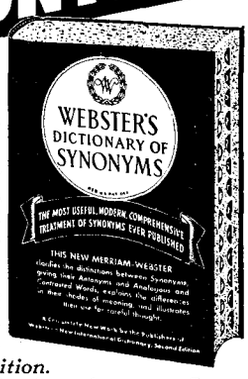

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SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 441)

NORMAN COUSINS:
THE GOOD INHERITANCE

For we can do little about overcoming in this world the doctrine that might makes right until the right becomes mighty. The living promise of America is dimensionless. It is as great or as small as Americans themselves.

Daly . . .

SOLDIER OF THE SEA. By R. W. Daly. New York: William Morrow & Company. 1942. 306 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES DAVID ABBOTT

THE British Navy in the last decade of the eighteenth century was at the height of its glory. It was the most efficient fighting force of its time, but it had its internal troubles. It achieved such victories as Cape St. Vincent and Camperdown, but it suffered mutinies, too, minor ones as well as the major outbreaks at Spithead and the Nore. The hero of this novel is really the Royal Navy itself during that epic period. With interest centered consistently on the Marines, that indispensable branch of the service, Mr. Daly records with camera-like precision the routine of fighter and sailor, officer and man. No type of operation is omitted. Episode by episode the tasks and events of naval life are exhibited: night-forays on the French coast, convoy duty to the West Indies, the destruction *en masse* of privateers in harbor, the indignities and deprivations that brought the tragi-comedy of Spithead, and, for climax, the grand *mêlée* that destroyed the Dutch fleet off the Texel.

So long as it is a ship with its seething life of forecastle and messroom that fills the picture, Mr. Daly is at his best. He can depict all that with the kind of dash and brilliance that make for real excitement. He can make it vivid and enthralling. But he seems to need the roll of planks under his feet. When he takes his titular young hero, Peter Dickoe, ashore, he runs into trouble. The amenities of English country life and of the Common Room at a Cambridge college hamper and distract him. Peter thinks and behaves too much like a Princeton undergraduate of the 1930s, and the background is so confused that a baronet can be a nobleman. But there is more than compensation for the flabbiness of the shore-leaves in the ebullient vigor of the sea-actions. They provide narratives as crisp as English watercress, as full-blooded as the beef that Simpson's used to have.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Paul Gauguin.
2. Oscar Wilde.
3. Alexander Woollcott.
4. Emily Dickinson.
5. Thomas Hardy.
6. Elsie Janis and her mother.
7. James Whistler.
8. Grover Cleveland.
9. Leigh Hunt.
10. Maxwell Bodenheim.

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Balance Sheet for the Future

AGENDA FOR A POST WAR WORLD. By J. B. Condliffe. New York: W. W. Norton. 1942. 232 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PETER F. DRUCKER

THREE years ago, in the months before the outbreak of the war, two English scholars summed up the basic positions which had shaped the policies of the democracies in the years of the Long Armistice. Professor E. H. Carr in his "Twenty Years Crisis" presented the case of "Realpolitik." Professor Condliffe's book on the "Reconstruction of World Trade" drew the balance sheet for the internationalists. Both books were brilliant and have deservedly become popular and widely known. But the strength of each lies primarily in its criticism of the other's position. Neither book could really give a constructive policy and together they went far to explain the debacle of the foreign policy of the democracies.

By a coincidence, both authors have published their reflections on the post-war problems within a few weeks of each other. Again Professor Carr in his "Conditions of Peace" presents the case of the realists while Professor Condliffe in this volume speaks for the internationalists. His book is aptly dedicated to Secretary Hull. Nothing could be more encouraging than to compare these two books with their predecessors of three years ago. It is not only that both have gone a long way from the sterile inflexibility of the 1938 slogans; they have also moved rapidly toward each other. Where Professor Carr three years ago sneered at ideas, he now realizes that there can be no solution without a secure basis in a great and powerful ideal; and whereas Professor Condliffe's earlier book refused to consider reality unless it conformed to the theories of the internationalists, he now sees the statesman's first task in the mastery of practical problems and the development of working institutions. Together these two books constitute perhaps the broadest advance in the field of post-war thinking since the beginning of this war. And it is perhaps no accident that they have both been written by Englishmen—though Professor Condliffe has been teaching and working in this country for the last few years.

Although this reviewer strongly recommends that the two books be read together, Professor Condliffe's volume deserves wide attention on its own merits. The reader may regret that the author did not extend his observations to the field of politics and that he confined himself rigidly to economic policy. But if this self-denial may diminish the appeal of the book, it greatly adds to its strength and consistence. It would be easy to quarrel with everyone of Professor Condliffe's economic suggestions. But such criticism would in no way affect the main contribution of the book. It is the first attempt to outline the economic task which will have to be done immediately after the cessation of hostilities and to make it clear what the problems are which will have to be solved if there is to be a post-war order.

There are many controversial ideas in this book, but none which is either mere speculation or wishful thinking. It is entirely possible that by the time the war ends not one of Professor Condliffe's actual problems will still be a matter of the first importance. But the basic approach will stand whatever the changes in actual conditions. Professor Condliffe would be the first to admit that his book is not more than a memorandum which might serve as a basis for further discussion. But in its insistence upon the fact that the post-war world will be built during the war and that it is impossible to wait till afterwards, in its emphasis upon the often forgotten fact that we will have no chance to build a post-war order unless we solve the immediate practical problems of Armistice Day, and in its sincerity and seriousness, this is an excellent primer of practical post-war statesmanship today.

The War for the World

GLOBAL WAR: AN ATLAS OF WORLD STRATEGY. By Edgar Ansel Mowrer and Marthe Rajchman. New York: William Morrow & Company. 1942. 128 *pp.*, 70 *maps and charts.* $1.

Reviewed by FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN

"THIS," writes Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox in his Introduction, "is an ambitious atlas . . . decidedly an experiment . . . but a real help in visualizing the path of victory." The ambition is justified. The experiment is successful. And the help is very real indeed. Edgar Mowrer of the OWI and formerly of the *Chicago Daily News* is now known to everyone for his insight and foresight with respect to the realities of Fascism years before most Americans had even begun to face the issue. Marthe Rajchman is a geographer-in-exile from the University of Paris. Together they have assembled a vastly useful compilation of materials on the resources and war potentials of the Great Powers, the major landways and seaways of the planet, and the natural routes of invasion of the principal regions of the earth. Mowrer's text is sprightly, accurate, and suggestive. It displays full awareness of the revolution in modern warfare, in refreshing contrast to the comments of sundry critics and strategists, both amateur and professional, who have not yet understood that total war on a global scale is actually something new under the sun. Miss Rajchman's maps are clear and to the point, though occasionally overcrowded with names and abbreviations.

Such atlases as this have circulated widely in Germany for the past thirty years. The result is that the average German, whatever his other delusions may be, has a firm grasp of the larger geographical facts of the world his leaders have set out to conquer. Mowrer pays tribute to Geopolitik, but scarcely does it justice by characterizing it as a rationalization of German imperialism. It is rather the science of world power, first clearly set forth a quarter of a century ago in Sir Halford J. Mackinder's "Democratic Ideals and Reality"—a book wholly ignored in the Western democracies when it appeared but recently re-issued. The Mowrer-Rajchman atlas is a significant contribution to the literature of Geopolitik in the best sense of the term. It deserves wide attention, for it supplies Americans with the means of acquiring, pleasantly and painlessly, that which they will need for victory: knowledge of the geographical facts of the world their leaders have set out to save.

GOOD READING:

Goethe and the Greeks

by Humphry Trevelyan

"A remarkable work. I read it with intense interest and admiration."
W. L. PHELPS, in *Esquire*

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THE TEACHER'S JOB IN THE WAR

(*Continued from page 4*)

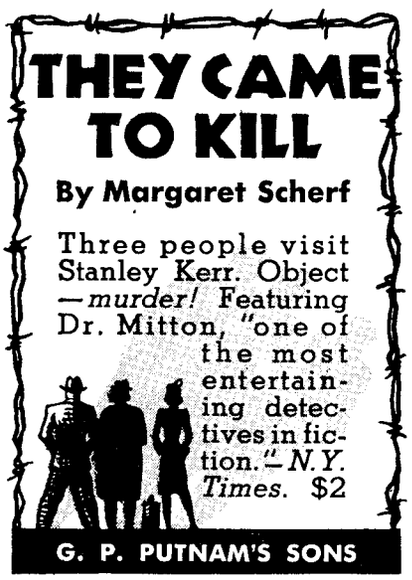
ward and downward even faster—this point has been reached, of course, because of technological developments; but primarily because of one single invention which has changed human life more than anything else since the discovery of how to make fire. This world would be a far more comfortable place to live in, and the prospects of the human race would be considerably more encouraging, if a couple of young men in Dayton, Ohio, some forty years ago, had been content to stick to their business of repairing bicycles; instead of wasting their time and what little money they had on an enterprise which the best scientific opinion of the day agreed was impossible. But the Wright brothers stubbornly went ahead and ate of the tree of knowledge; and the result was the transformation of human life from a two-dimensional to a three-dimensional activity, several thousand years before human nature was ready for the additional responsibilities thus entailed. The problem of education, and of statesmanship, after this war, is basically the problem of how, or whether, the human race is going to be able to live with the bombing plane—a symbiosis apparently never contemplated by nature, but one which we have got to work out if we are to go on at all.

I suppose most of you have read Major de Seversky's book—an evangelistic document of dubious value as a guide to the contemporary world. Essentially, Seversky is not writing about this war, but about the next one. Those bombing planes that start from Kansas City, or thereabouts, and blast Tokyo, and come back home again—they do not now exist, and are not likely to make their appearance in this war. But it would be a very reckless man who would predict that twenty-five years from now we might not have bombing planes that could fly from Kansas City to Tokyo—or from Tokyo to Kansas City. And when we have got that far there will be no safe place on earth, unless somehow the human race can develop sufficient intelligence to make the whole earth safe.

I do not know how that can be done, or even if it can be done; but it requires no great insight to predict that unless it is done what we call civilization may not outlast the twentieth century. This obvious point need not be labored; in theory, practically everybody in this country, indeed in most countries, will agree on the desirability of preventing the next war, if we can. But as to how, there will certainly be much argument, perhaps bitter argument. It is hardly likely to be partisan argument, this time; leaders of both parties are agreed on the need of recognizing this nation's international responsibilities. But there can be plenty of honest disagreement on details, and there are likely to be plenty of honest mistakes in trying to work it out.

And what can the intelligent teacher do about all that? Well, he can try to make his students keep their eyes fixed on the essential points. He can remind them that practical operation is more important than theoretical principles; that slogans such as nationalism versus internationalism are likely to be misleading and confusing, in a situation where practical success is likely to call for a mixture of both. In the latest official pronouncement of our policy, Secretary Hull's speech of July 23rd, it was declared that "it is plain that some international agency must be created which can—by force, if necessary—keep the peace among the nations in the future." But Mr. Hull also said that "the nations of the world will then be able to go forward in the manner of their own choosing." Here obviously is neither complete nationalism nor complete internationalism, as now understood. People who stand on either as a principle are likely to be less useful than those who are willing to mix them up in whatever proportions prove most practically useful.

Further, the teacher should remember, and remind his students, that, as Mr. Hull says, "neither victory nor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The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE SNAKE IN THE GRASS *James Howard Wellard* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Equilibrium of fashionable Southern resort hotel upset by murder of gent with two names. Ubiquitous sociologist solves it.	Lucius Hunt is pleasant addition to ranks of criminal investigators. His methods are interesting and amusing and surrounding cast is colorful.	Admirable
THE CASE OF THE CARELESS KITTEN *Erle Stanley Gardner* (Morrow: $2.)	Strange mix-up in Cal. family with murderous outcome involves P. Mason and Police Lieut. Tragg in lively war of wits.	Differs slightly from earlier Masons in opening gambit. Otherwise adheres to formula unbeatable for action, crisp talk and bafflement.	As good as ever
THE BUFFALO BOX *Frank Gruber* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Relic of fateful Donner Party projects booklovving Simon Lash into murder case with interesting historical background.	Lash, more subdued than in earlier exploits, does shrewd sleuthing job. Story moves breezily and outcome is hard to guess.	Agreeable

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any form of post-war settlement will of itself create a millennium." Millennial hopes were widely current at the end of the last war; the great collective effort of 1918 had made people realize what the human race could accomplish, with a reasonable degree of coöperation; and when coöperation failed, when the millennial dreams were disappointed, too many people rushed to the opposite extreme of cynicism and apathy. We ought to know better this time. As Alexander Hamilton said, "it is useless to expect a perfect work from imperfect man." Hamilton said that, however, in discussion of a constitution which in his opinion was quite imperfect; but which he was prepared to accept and try to operate because he thought it was the best that could be got. And in fact, it operated and is still operating pretty well. Which may be a hopeful omen if we can be as realistic as Hamilton and take the best we can get.

But above all the teacher should constantly teach that this time we can't afford to sit back and take it easy, we can't afford to let up; we have got to go on, however much we may dislike it, with the hard and uncomfortable labor of thinking. Many people would like to believe that victory would restore the world as it used to be; but it won't. Whether you found that world comfortable and satisfactory or not—some did and some didn't—it is not coming back; we are going to have a different kind of world to deal with, a world which can be made not only satisfactory, but more satisfactory eventually than anything we have ever known—but could be made so only by intelligent, cohesive, unremitting effort. Frail human nature is not too hospitable to unremitting effort except under the spur of necessity; it is your job as teachers to keep reminding people of the necessity. Issues may arise about which there will be protest that it costs too much, it takes too much work, it isn't practical. Examine those specific complaints by all means and see what there is in them; but never forget, never let the public forget, that the alternative to finding something that will work is a world, for our children, in which bombing planes can fly from Tokyo to Kansas City; and architecture will have become the art of figuring out how people can live and work, with the least discomfort, underground.

Perhaps I have talked too much from the point of view of adult education, since I have myself been working at some form of adult education most of my life; some of what I have said may seem irrelevant to those of you who deal with young people. Sometimes, when I contemplate the world in which I grew up, and then the world of today, I wonder what on earth we can say to them, about the kind of world we brought them into. However, to judge from most of the young people I know, this current world does not look quite so unappetizing to them as it may to people who first began to sit up and take notice in the Taft Administration; it is dangerous and uncertain, yes, but they have always lived in a world of uncertainty and have learned to take uncertainty in their stride. The danger is obvious enough; but young people are not apt to be afraid of danger, as anybody can testify who has ever ridden in his own car with his children driving it. Remind them that besides the danger they have an unprecedented opportunity. The destruction in this war is terrific; many parts of the world will be left impoverished; but we have the technical capacities to repair those losses and to go ahead with the rebuilding of a world which could be far better than any we have ever seen. All the young people of today need to do, to construct that better world, is to behave more intelligently than did their ancestors; and I am confident that most of them would tell you that they could easily do that.

Morningside Heights Griddle

WHAT'S COOKING AT COLUMBIA. The Columbia University Committee on United War Relief. New York: Columbia University Press. 1942. 113 *pp.* $1.10.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

DESPITE the dictum of a now forgotten poet, civilized man, at least civilized man as represented by the Columbia University faculty, doubtless cannot live without books. Nevertheless, on the evidence here presented Owen Meredith was right in part; civilized man cannot live without cooks. Here is a diversified collection of delectable recipes, garnered from the households of the university's pundits, attractively presented in a loyal blue and white volume with Alma Mater significantly holding aloft on the cover a mixing spoon in one hand and a bowl in the other. It's an excellent manual, addressed to tastes discriminating but not too esoteric, with its directions explicit enough even for those who are unversed in advanced cookery and dishes individual enough to interest those of culinary skill. From the Jamaica pepper pot, made with thyme, parsley, savory, and celery to give it tang, which is the President's favorite, to the New England apple pie, with a crust glossed with heavy cream, which is John Dewey's, its recipes describe food to delight the epicure. Only a few weeks ago was published "The Raft," the odyssey of three American naval fliers who for thirty-three days after their bomber had descended on the ocean maintained life in a rubber raft on only such few fish and birds as they managed to kill and sustained their spirits by devising imaginary meals. What a book this would have been for those heroes. Let us hope it will be on the kitchen shelf when they return.

THE LITERARY PULSE . . .

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The Phoenix Nest

Emerson to Tokyo

ONE circumstance, beside the fair and stalwart tone of Ambassador Grew's statement about the Japanese military dictatorship and the Japanese people, and his realistic presentation of their offensive spirit, reminds us that here again we have an American who harks back to great forebears. This is his quoting, at the end of his speech, of one of Emerson's quatrains:

Though love repine, and reason chafe,
There comes a voice without reply—
"'Tis man's perdition to be safe,
When for the truth he ought to die."

Tokyo believes Americans to be flabby, and "constitutional weaklings." The Marines, at this moment, are disillusioning Tokyo. The spirit of Emerson, at this long last, will also disillusion them. The United States comes to heel to no military caste.

Incidentally we found, in looking through Emerson's quatrains, that the sage was responsible for that dramatic line, "Cast the bantling on the rocks." That is something the United States is doing now. It is the way we are going to meet the challenge of a barbarism that tortures helpless prisoners and grinds its heel into the faces of men lying bound upon the ground:

Cast the bantling on the rocks,
Suckle him with the she-wolf's teat,
Wintered with the hawk and fox,
Power and speed be hands and feet.

Somebody page "Yank" Levy!

"Goosie"

Ward Greene of King Features, celebrated author of "Cora Potts" et al., tells us that he believes the story "Jimmy" Hopper wrote about the guy with wings was called "Goosie" and was published in August 1910. We believe it was too. Hopper also wrote "Caybigan," and, among other things, a famous short story about hate festering between several men on a prospecting expedition out West. Hopper is an old journalist and as a war correspondent, last war, was attached to the A. E. F. in France.

Recent Sargeant Publications

EDUCATION IN WARTIME, pub. June 1942, 224 pages, red silk cloth, $1.50. Reviews educational thought, publications and doings of the year. Tells what's doing in schools and colleges in this time of change, what war has done and what will win. Finds educators unprepared and lacking in pertinent information. Redefines education and looks for hope to the inspiring individual rather to isms and systems.

HANDBOOK OF PRIVATE SCHOOLS, pub. May 1942, 26th ed., 1152 pp., 250 illustrations, 17 maps, $6.00. An Annual Review and Guide Book for all interested in private initiative in education. Individual private schools critically described.

A GUIDE TO SCHOOLS, COLLEGES AND CAMPS, pub. April 1942, 7th ed., 232 pp., paper cover, 50c. A Guide for prospective students to colleges, junior colleges, private schools and summer camps.

WAR AND EDUCATION: TRENDS AND TENDENCIES TODAY, for early Fall publication, ca 350 pp., cloth, $3.50. Appraises changes resulting from the war. Presents evidence that our education leaves us without understanding and without emotional control—that our current systems of education make possible our present systems of wars.

Circulars on request

PORTER SARGENT, 11 Beacon St., Boston

Some Pleasing Horrors

Anthony Boucher of Berkeley, California, tells us that the place to get Cleveland Moffett's original story about that mysterious card, and its sequel, is in Carolyn Wells's "American Mystery Stories," New York: Oxford University Press, 1927. "Moffett's sequel," he says, " 'The Mysterious Card Unveiled,' is one of the damndest things ever, and does not deserve to go unmentioned." The harmless young man of the original strange adventure was, it seems, possessed by a *kulos*-man, which appears to be a cross between a dybbuk and a Mr. Hyde. "It is impossible for the *kulos*-man to know his own degradation." All you *kulos*-men be very careful!

Mr. Boucher also says we should not by any means miss Charles Fort; that his titles are all in "The Books of Charles Fort" (Holt, 1941) "plus the index which the original rhapsodic volume so sadly lacked. Don't miss the man; he's one of the phenomena of the age, and whether he infuriates or entrances you, you won't be bored —nor ever again quite so sure of the facts of the world about you. If you like him, look up the first issue of that admirable pulp, *Unknown*, (March, 1939) for Eric Frank Russell's 'Sinister Barrier,' a notably chilling novel coördinating the Fort theories into one dire concept (and incidentally including a war begun by a treacherous Japanese air-sea attack on the Philippines and the west Coast."

Speaking of pleasing horrors, we root for Howard Phillips Lovecraft (excellent name, because he did!) to whom our brother introduced us in the volume, "The Outsider and Others," by H. P. Lovecraft, published by Arkham House, Sauk City, Wisconsin (not to be confused with Sauk Centre, early home of Sinclair Lewis and situated in Minnesota!). August Derleth and Donald Wandrei, neither of whom sound quite real either, collected Lovecraft's stories and wrote the prefatory note to the book. Lovecraft had a mind even weirder than that of Ambrose Bierce, and seemed to be obsessed by the idea of people resembling fish. Swell stuff for a blackout night!

East Aurora for God's Sake!

We have been admonished that when we connected Elbert Hubbard with "Elmira" we were doing dirt to a famous main line city. As we once lived, ourself, not so far from East Aurora, N. Y., we should be—and are—properly ashamed of ourself. We like that "ourself," sounds sort of chummy with us! Where we mean we lived was in Buffalo, N. Y., the hamlet the city of East Aurora is near. The Oxford Companion, without which we cannot stir, says, "Finding the Hubbard cupboard rather bare, he sought intellectual nutriment in the theories of the English craftsman, William Morris . . . Failing to grasp the fundamentals of this thought, Hubbard, in his Roycroft Press at East Aurora (near Buffalo, New York), produced a shoddy imitation of Morris's Kelmscott Press. From this ostentatiously simple artist colony, he also edited an inspirational magazine, the *Philistine* ((1895-1915)." We subscribe to that, but it is wonderful catching the staid Oxford Companion in that Hubbard, cupboard stuff!

The Wee One

Frank A. Mountford of Sunnyside, L. I., asks did we mean to spell "Wee MacGreegor" with two "ees" or was it a typographical error. Yes we did, and it was no typographical error! For once, we happen to be right. That was the way J. J. Bell had it put on the cover of the little book, with two "ees." Mr. Mountford says he is only 29 years of age but read "The Wee" when young. As one just about twice as old as Mr. Mountford, we congratulate him on his superior taste, but until you call the young lad MacGreeeegor, you are not a real initiate!

Racine on Tyranny

France is under the Nazi boot, and Vichy a sorry spectacle. The most thorough traitor in the history of the world, since Judas, being the creature called Laval. But the Free French may well remember the words of their great French poet and dramatist, Jean Racine, in affirming who fights for them, over and above the United Nations. The speech is from Racine's *Athalie*:

Et comptez-vous pour rien Dieu, qui combat pour nous?
Dieu, qui de l'orphelin protége l'innocence,
Et fait dans la faiblesse éclater sa puissance:
Dieu, qui hait les tyrans!

France was a great nation then. It will live again to be a great nation.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

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The Crostics Club

HARVEY OFFICER, old DCer and literary light of N. Y. City, enlarges thus on "Kalevala": "I never could like the meter of 'Hiawatha,' and long ago I read Carroll's delightful parody of its sing-song. But the 'Kalevala' rhythm can be defended. It was always *sung*, and the musical phrases to which it was set were in this rhythm: six one-eighth notes with the accent on the first, third, fifth, and two one-quarter notes each accented, the last two syllables of each line being twice as long as were the first six. This takes away the sing-song quality. You get a line, not of four trochees, but of five trochees (trochaic pentameter). Now such a line in English poetry is very unusual, and it is the rhythm that Browning used in his 'One Word More.' He wanted something very special and beautiful for that poem. And is it not interesting that the addition of one more trochee to the Longfellow rhythm (not to the 'Kalevala' rhythm, because it already had five trouchees) makes the lovely line—

'God be thanked, the meanest of his creatures*
Boasts two soul-sides, one to face the world with,
One to show a woman when he loves her.'

And Mr. Officer concludes with:

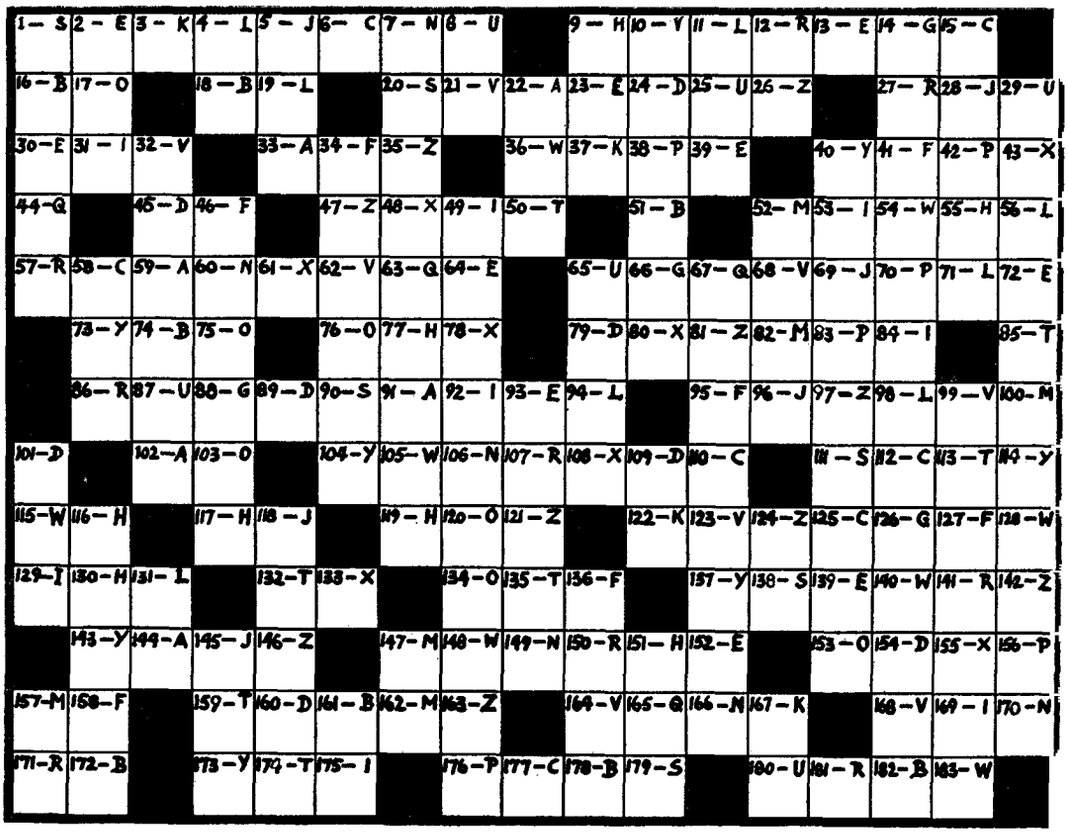
'Oh the little more and how much it is
And the little less and what worlds away'!"

DCs from four puzzlers in appreciative letters have come this week: Dr. Alice R. Bernheim of Port Chester, N. Y., who, with a friend, finds DCs "a wonderful source of pleasure in this cock-eyed world"; Arthur A. Bryant, Newtown H. S., N. Y. City, who "gets surprisingly skilful in anticipating the complete arrival of a word from a relatively insignificant tibia or jawbone"; William G. Howard, Professor Emeritus of Harvard, who long since used to contrive DCs in German for his friends and who now lures them to *SRL* subscriptions by English ones; and Rabbi Emil W. Leipziger, Touro Synagogue, New Orleans, "a worm who has enjoyed suffering for a long time" and now turns on his benefactor —I wonder whether with those Hebraic religious words at first-hand which I cull from Webster to confound you! (Dr. Leipziger is known as "Pelican" in that conglomerate of fiendish puzzle makers and solvers, the National Puzzlers League.

A few years ago Rabbi Jerome Unger, Bronx, N. Y., widened my horizon by a Talmudic correspondence on the Jewish Calendar, occasioned by my use of the month Tishri, from Webster. (See *Jewish Calendar*, W.N.I.)

E. S. K.

*These lines I substituted for the ones he quoted, as more meaningful!



Double-Crostics: No. 442

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 14 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Old Testament book; secretary of the prophet Jeremiah.
B. Alternate singing or chanting.
C. A bantering or scolding (slang).
D. Gaunt.
E. State of being without taste or savor.
F. Common to both sexes.
G. What Juliet replied to her nurse when called (Balcony scene).
H. Superabundance.
I. To become buoyant.
J. An astonishing remark (slang).
K. Short title (with *the*) of a section of the New Testament Apocrypha.
L. Drew into a certain state by skill or stratagem.
M. Augured.
N. Wandering.
O. Pertaining to a swineherd.
P. The small species of cyprinidae (fish).
Q. Class of vertebrates, consisting of the birds.
R. Inclined in thought to unworthy things (comp.)
S. To bestow with profusion.
T. Right feeling (stoic doctrine).
U. A road on which logs are skidded.
V. The mother of Solomon.
W. Left-overs.
X. Daughters of Tethys (Gr. myth.)
Y. Treats with obsequious deference.
Z. A kind of beet with large leaves and thick stalks used as a potherb.

WORDS

102 33 22 59 91 144
51 172 178 16 161 74 18 182
125 6 15 110 177 112 58
101 160 45 79 24 109 154 89
2 139 152 13 93 30 64 23 72 39
136 95 41 127 158 34 46
126 14 66 88
9 151 116 55 119 117 130 77
169 84 49 53 31 92 175 129
28 96 5 118 145 69
37 122 3 167
19 56 98 94 71 131 4 11
82 157 162 147 100 52
7 170 149 60 106 166
17 103 153 75 134 120 76
83 70 38 42 156 176
165 67 63 44
86 141 171 27 181 57 12 150 107
1 111 20 138 90 179
50 174 159 85 132 135 113
29 25 65 180 87 8
168 10 99 62 32 123 68 164 21
148 183 140 36 105 115 128 54
133 155 80 48 78 108 43 61
40 114 137 143 173 73 104
26 142 97 121 146 81 47 124 163 35

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TRADE WINDS

WYSTAN AUDEN and Christopher Isherwood are confirmed Americans now, scarcely distinguishable from sons of Harvard, but on the day that they first landed in New York aboard a British cargo vessel, they were two very bewildered young men. I didn't add very much to their sense of security when I selected "Hellzapoppin'," Olsen and Johnson's mad melange of nonsense, for their first evening's entertainment. I had notified Ole Olsen that I was bringing Auden and Isherwood with me. The result only became apparent in the very last scene. Olsen asked a four-hundred-pound stooge with a cake of ice in his arms, "What's your name, Buddy?" The stooge answered "Wystan Auden." Auden jumped three feet in his seat and cried "Good God!" The next man who sauntered onto the stage was a human string bean. "What would you charge to haunt a house?" jeered Mr. Olsen. "How many rooms has it?" shot back the stringbean. "By the way," said Olsen, "I don't think I caught your name." "The chaps call me Christopher Isherwood," confided the stringbean. Isherwood's reaction to all this was highly gratifying, but I was a bit dismayed when I felt a tap on my back, and wheeled around to find Alfred Harcourt sitting directly behind me. "It's very interesting to see, Mr. Cerf," he said, "just how you spend your busy hours!" . . .

GENERAL BILLY MITCHELL, ill-used prophet of modern serial warfare, is the subject of two biographies on the Fall lists. Duell, Sloan and Pearce have announced one by Isaac Don Levine, and the Dutton imprint appears on the other, the joint work of Emile Gauvreau and Lester Cohen . . . Little, Brown have just put through another printing of 50,000 copies of Fannie Farmer's "Boston Cooking-School Cook Book." That makes fifty-eight printings in all for a grand total of 2,086,000 copies, which is precisely 2,085,400 more than we sold of a little number called "The Young Concubine" last year . . . So long as we are citing statistics, we may as well tell you that Donald Geddes, the demon commentator of the Columbia University Press, has spent the hot summer afternoons counting the number of words in various famous novels, and proudly announces the following computations: "Anthony Adverse," 500,000; "Of Time and the River," 360,000; "Gone with the Wind," 412,000; "Tom Jones," 340,000; "David Copperfield," 390,000. The average novel runs from 80,000 to 120,000 words. Hemingway's "For Whom the Bell Tolls" approximated 150,000 . . .

SENATOR OLIVER ST. JOHN GOGARTY, noted wit, statesman, limerick reciter, and author of at least one rattling good book ("As I Was Going Down Sackville Street") recently paid a prolonged visit to our shores, in the course of which he gave several publishers the opportunity to publish his new novel. The day that he mentioned to me the advance he expected, I thought he had belayed me with his shillelagh: everything went black before my eyes! The book was ultimately published here. I don't know the size of the advance that the voluble Mr. Gogarty finally settled for, but if it was anything like his asking price, he earned about two dollars a copy on every one sold. Mr. Gogarty is the most thoroughly Irish Irishman I ever encountered. His makeup, brogue, and blarney make my favorite Irish actor, Barry Fitzgerald, look like the character man in the Jewish Art Theatre. The only thing that ever stopped his flow of oratory was a juke-box in Tim Costello's Third Avenue pub. Somebody dropped a nickel into the contraption just as the doctor was hitting mid-season form, and his dissertation was drowned out by the strains of "Jingle Jangle Jingle." "Confound it!" roared Gogarty. "I can't enjoy a beer in this whole ridiculous country without some blackguard dropping a coin into one of them illuminated coal scuttles and annoying me to death!" . . .

AN ANNOUNCEMENT from Berlin notes the suspension of the firm of Tauchnitz, in Leipzig, who for more than a hundred years published paper-bound editions of leading American and English authors on the continent. It usually took the better part of a journey from Paris to Genoa just to cut the pages of a Tauchnitz edition, and when you were finished you looked as though you had been caught in the blizzard of 1888. Nevertheless, the Tauchnitz books enjoyed vast popularity with American tourists until the better-made Albatross editions, introduced in Paris by J. Holroyd Reece about twelve years ago, abruptly terminated the Tauchnitz monopoly. Manuel Komroff, Herbert Wise, and I visited the Tauchnitz plant in 1928. We had brought a half dozen Modern Library volumes with us to show Count Tauchnitz, and although we explained to him that they were the only copies we had in Europe, he was so insistent that we leave them with him to show his colleagues, that we reluctantly gave them to him. On our way out, the Count suggested that we might like something to read on the two-hour train trip back to Berlin. Each of us picked out a Tauchnitz edition, and the Count calmly allowed us to pay for them—at the retail price. The total amount involved was only about sixty cents, but I've never been able to look at a Tauchnitz book since without remembering that ridiculous scene, and Manuel's disgust as we walked to the Leipzig station . . .

[It may have taken Mr. Cerf the better part of the way from Paris to Genoa to cut the pages of a Tauchnitz volume but it was love's labor lost; we ourselves were the admiring witness of the neatness and dispatch with which in less than a minute a bookseller in Heidelberg placed our newly purchased copy of G. P. R. James's "Heidelberg" under a machine and with one swift motion sliced all the pages open.—*The Editor.*]

IN THE NEW Manhattan Classified Directory, there is a listing under "Upholsterers' Supplies," that intrigued us. "Lorraine Fibre Mills, Inc.," it reads—and following in parenthesis, "The Slomowitz Boys." . . . An arresting headline in a current advertisement: "Let's all keep our shirts on—but for heaven's sake, let's roll up our sleeves!" . . .

THE PRINCETON UNIVERSITY Press is publishing a particularly useful book next week called "A Layman's Guide to Naval Strategy." The author is Bernard Brodie. Despite the use of that wicked word "layman," the Navy itself is taking 500 copies. Datus Smith, Jr., the director of the Press, tells me that there will be three printings before publication which, he adds, "is some pumpkins for a university press." The book is the first anti-Seversky document that is two-fisted, up-to-date, and not swathed in gold braid. It shows how air power has revolutionized naval strategy, but Mr. Brodie isn't ready yet to throw the entire Navy onto the scrap pile.

OLIN CLARK reports the story of a mother who lost her young daughter in the week-end confusion at Penn Station. After a frantic search, she finally located her in the midst of a group of nuns. Both the little girl and the nuns seemed to be having a very good time. "I hope my daughter hasn't been giving you too much trouble," exclaimed the relieved parent. "On the contrary," chuckled the Mother Superior. "Your little girl seems to have the notion that we are penguins!" . . .

BENNETT CERF.

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